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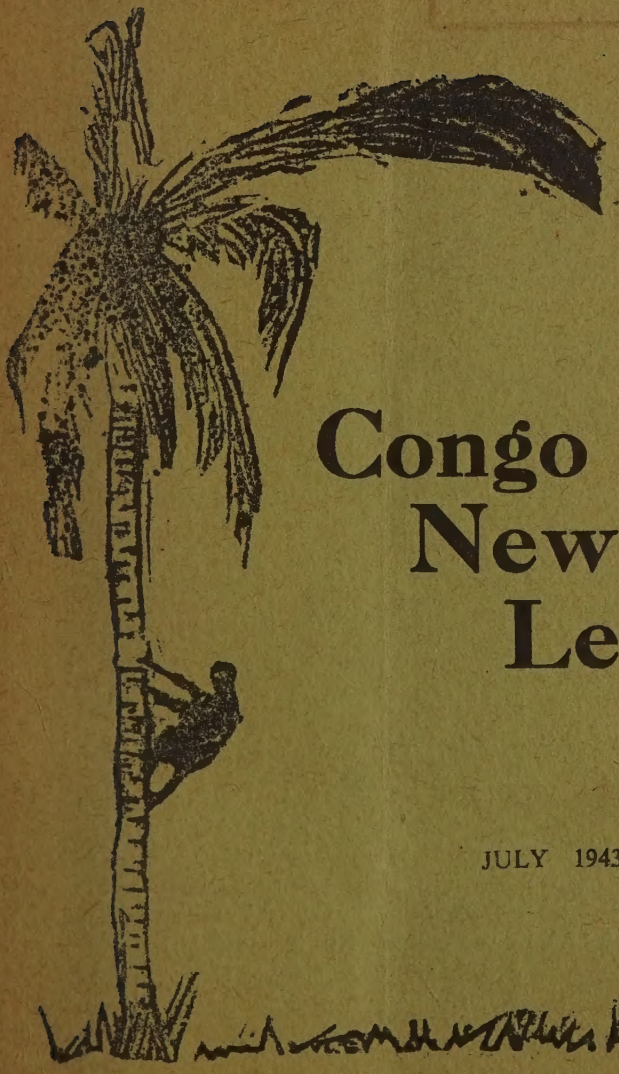

Congo News Letter

JULY 1943

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THANKFUL FOR THE MACDIARMIDS

I am very grateful to God for sending Tata and Mama MacDiarmid to this country. They showed us the likeness of Christ in their lives and in their teaching. We black people are sorry that the MacDiarmids are leaving us and we pray to our Father God and the Lord Jesus Christ to choose someone else in America to come to this country and show a Christ-like life to us and to our children.

We too are trying to show the likeness of Christ in our lives before our brothers as far as we are able. But it means so much more to have a white man help in this respect.

Please, all you who read this, do not be disobedient to the call of God but come to this country and show us Jesus Christ by your life among us. May the blessing of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God the Father be with you.

Your child

TIMOTIO VINGADIO

TATA AND MAMA MACDIARMID

First thank-you very much to them and thank-you God for keeping them to work their work in this land of Congo.

Tata and Mama MacDiarmid gave their hearts and lives for the work of Jesus. They started to work at the Sona Bata mission station from the time of it's beginning in 1906 until now, May 1943, when they left for America.

When they first came to this country we know they saw much difficulty because there were only few believers. In their work they also saw many slaves and bought them with their own money and freed them from slavery. They also saw orphan children and they brought them to the mission station and cared for them until they grew up.

They were very zealous in their work and travelled much from village to village and from church to church. On their journeys they didn't only talk to the pastors and teachers, but they were anxious to talk to the old and to little children and those who had been disciplined by the church. When they saw their work and their love for people and their willingness to help people physically and spiritually they gave Tata Meki the name of Uncle.

They not only itinerated at Sona Bata but they also went to the Bayaka and Bambala fields and as a result of these itinerations a mission station was started at Kikongo. In 1930 they were chosen to go to Leopoldville and from there they continued to travel from time to time.

We saw too that in the work of the A.B.F.M.S. in Congo he was at the head of the missionaries and the black people in everything and he was also Legal Representive of the mission.

We are sorry to have them leave us, because in their work they have led many people to Jesus. We know that perhaps we will never see another like Tata Meki. We may see another take up his work but he may not be exactly like him in every way. We are praying that God will keep them to do His work in America. We know that a big work of God has been built by their hands. Now it is left to be worked by the hands of other white men and black also, and we know that God will continue to bless his work. We pray God that he may strengthen others to do the work as they did. We have need in Congo of white people to shepherd and teach us. Let us stand up and thank God you and I because of them. Amen.

MBAKI D. MOÏSE
(Mbaki was one of the orphans that MacDiarmids helped)

WE ARE ORPHANS

We ordinarily think of Congo as a country to which missionary parents go in order to do the Lord's work, leaving their children in the homeland. Recently this process has been reversed. "Pa" and "Ma" have left their children behind in Congo and have themselves gone back to

good old U.S.A. (For the benefit of the uninitiated I might explain that "Ma" and "Pa" are the Rev. and Mrs. P.A. MacDiarmid who have just left Congo after a lifetime of devoted service.) Indeed we do feel like orphans now that they have gone. Like all children we had taken them so much for granted that now that they have left us we feel bewildered.

I have not had the privilege of working on the same station with the MacDiarmids but many are the times that I have enjoyed their hospitality. The last visit with them was the most prolonged and the one I shall always cherish as a pleasant memory. "Pa" and "Ma" and Wendy received me as one of the family and that simply leaves nothing to be desired.

It was my privilege to be present when they had the Sona Bata pastors in their home for the last time. There are a good many of them and the MacDiarmid house was well filled with Congolese guests. One hears much about the problem of race these days but it certainly was not in anyone's mind that evening. One could easily tell that those pastors were not strangers in that family circle. How happy they were to have this last visit in the home of those whom they had come to love and respect. After a generous repast tongues were loosened and reminiscences began to pour forth. Each one of the pastors had something to tell of early associations with the MacDiarmids, some humorous others serious, but thru it all ran a thread of mutual understanding between the missionary and his Congo colleagues.

I sat there thinking that if I can come to the end of my Congo career and leave behind me in the hearts of my Congo colleagues such a feeling of respect, admiration and genuine affection I shall indeed feel that I have been successful as a missionary. What inspired me most of all was that there was no spirit of defeatism because their friends were leaving but rather a spirit of determination to carry on in the way that he had taught them. That is indeed the mark of a truly successful missionary that he engenders in his colleagues not merely a love for him personally but a devotion to the task he represents so that they do not run off when he goes but stay on to carry on the work in the spirit of genuine devotion that he has engenderd in them. That is the crown-

ing glory of the work of the MacDiarmids in Congo. André Nkusu, Nsiata, Kikwakwa and all the others are staying right at their posts to carry on the work the MacDiarmids have left with them and doing it in a manner worthy of the best Sona Bata tradition as personified by the Macs.

MARTIN S. ENGWALL

TESTIMONY

Our Congo Conference was held early this year, in March, so that we could have the MacDiarmids with us once more. How we shall miss them on every hand, but their work still goes on in the hearts of those they led to and built up in the Lord.

While at conference there was a farewell meeting held for them at the Leopoldville church. One of the native teachers there talked at some length about the blessings they had received from the lives and work of Mr. & Mrs. MacDiarmid, and closed by saying: "If the missionaries who come after them walk as they walked, they will walk with the Lord Jesus".

MARY BONAR

"TATA" MACDIARMID

I know Tata MacDiarmid and I traveled with him when he went to visit the villages and churches in our field. I saw his life in those travels and he was as one who did a big work without thinking himself big. He is a humble teacher in his living but he was zealous and strong in his preaching, pleading with men to leave their sin and turn to Jesus their Saviour. We were very glad to hear him preach. That is the kind of missionaries we should like to see sent to this country in which we live.

We hope that God will bless him during the rest of his life on this earth and we thank God for what we saw of his life and his work among us.

We of the A.B.F.M.S., we want you to look for that kind of missionaries to send to us.

JOSHWA MALUTAMA

THE UNDERSTANDING HEARTS OF UNDERSTANDING FRIENDS

The secret of an understanding heart is found in those who know their Lord and Master, in those who walk in close fellowship with Him and in those who have faith in mankind. This was and is true of our dear Pa and Ma. It was their understanding and love for both black and white that have endeared them to us all. They were always ready to help in every way that they could. Truly they have been a father and mother to us all. They have shown us how to walk, work, play, pray and to be happy.

I for one can never thank God enough for the privilege of beginning my work in Congo on the same Station as our Pa and Ma. They have helped me over many a hill and, yes, many a mountain by their understanding and friendly hearts. Their lives and influences on the Congolese friends have been such that my prayer is "May God help me to be used of Him in the same way and may I too always be conscious of the secret of a happy and useful life in His Service here in Congo".

You our dear friends have left us and we miss you at every turn here at Sona Bata. Your love and work will always live on in the hearts of all. God bless you and give you many days of happiness in the homeland. May God help us your children who are left here to be true friends to our Congolese, to have the same love and interest that you had in them and that you have shown to us by your walk and talk. But above all may you have the joy of hearing that many, many, are being won for our Lord and Master.

Thank you again Pa and Ma Mac Diamid and Wendy for we miss you too but perhaps some day we will see you here again. Thank you for all you mean to us because you have the secret of an understanding heart.

E. E. SATTERBERG

PA'S AND MA'S YOUNGEST CHILD

"Pa and Ma" MacDiarmid have left Congo, but they are still with us in the redeemed lives of their spiritual

children, the churches which they have been used of God to organize during the 37 years of their ministry here in Congo.

We were happy to have been able to spend the week-end of June 11-13 at Kindongolusi with members of the very youngest church in the Sona Bata field. Davidi Nsiata said that this was the last of the 41 churches organized by "Pa Mac" during his years in Congo. Being surrounded for a few days by these folk whose conversation was constantly about the MacDiarmids helped to make us feel a little better after our disappointment at not having been able to be present at any of the farewell meetings for "Pa and Ma and Wendy", and we are glad, too, to have this opportunity to pay tribute to them and the wonderful work they have done in soul-winning up to the very end of their career in Congo.

When we arrived at Kindongolusi on Friday night we found the place swarming with people. The number quite exceeded our expectations and we were amazed to find that most of them had arrived on Wednesday and some as early as Tuesday. Evangelists David Nsiata and Thomas Mposa had been conducting numerous meetings and spending many hours in the final examination of candidates for baptism. In fact Nsiata spent the entire night of Friday examining eager candidates and it was not until 5 A. M. Saturday that he snatched a few minutes for sleep. The crowd of candidates was so large that Nsiata told all the 1943 folk to continue under instruction for another year and only those who had previously presented themselves, in 1941 and 1942 were examined; of the many who presented themselves, 178 were considered to be ready for baptism.

On Saturday afternoon we went down the long hill to the little stream where these new Christians gave public testimony of their faith. How can I describe the scene? Two by two they went into the water and the sacred ordinance was administered by Nsiata and Mposa. The ceremony was not as quiet as we would have wished, but it was much quieter than one would expect of such a new church. This was only the third baptism that these folk had ever witnessed, and the first baptism which had taken place in 1938 was quite a different affair. At that time only one very old man named David Mawuya had dared to take the step. No doubt he was only one of many who would

have liked to do so, but had been held back by fear. So often the people out here choose one of their number to try out something new to see what will happen. If the experiment is successful and brings no dire results, others are willing to follow. I may be mistaken but I feel that, as has happened before in new fields, Mawuya was the courageous one willing to try the experiment. And because he was brave others have followed until the little Christian community now numbers about 300.

It was inspiring to see the four long lines of candidates standing on the hillside path leading to the stream. It was not as orderly a group as one might desire, but worship is not necessarily quiet and orderly and it is a bit difficult for a mother about to be baptised to disengage a baby from the hip and swing it to the arms of a bystander as she slips into the water, and to receive it again as she comes up the slippery bank. The church is still too young for the Christians to have foreseen and provided for these noise-creating difficulties. The newness of their walk was evidenced in Nsiata's counsel to those about to be baptised: "Don't be afraid; I have two arms and I will hold you tight; I will not let you fall when I put you under the water. Cast away your fears; no harm can befall you".

We particularly rejoiced that among those who were baptised there was a largé percentage of husbands and wives. The following morning these same newly baptised Christians brought 55 babies to be dedicated to the Lord.

What greater tribute could be paid to "Pa and Ma" MacDiarmid than this young little church, the fruit of their last years in Congo! The Christians themselves felt that they were indeed the MacDiarmids' crowning effort. Over and over again during the days we spent there we would hear "Tata Meki" this and "Mama Meki" that and even Wendy's name appeared frequently in the conversations. One evening's meeting was spent in hearing testimonies of what they had done and how they were loved. There was much lamenting on the part of those who were not able to attend the farewell meeting at Sona Bata and especially when Mposa's account was given. Said he: "Oh, we had such a good time. It was just splendid: Tata Meki wept and Mama Meki wept and Wendy wept

and we all wept. All of our tears flowed. Oh, we had such a good time; it was such a good meeting."

David Nsiata, the faithful pastor whose smiling face is such an inspiration to all of us, stirred us as he spoke of the many years that he and "Tata Meki" had worked together. The Congolese are not generally given to flattery. They do not usually hesitate to tell us very painful truths about ourselves but there didn't seem to be any "painful" truths to tell about their beloved "Tata and Mama Meki". In the midst of his praises and thannksgiving for "Tata Meki who possesses such a great gift of patience and kindness," Nsiata suddenly decided that it would not be fitting to deify "Tata Meki" so he continued by saying: "Of course he was human and when the occasion warranted it, he could be angry..but not TOO angry." This statement alone made us realize how sincere all the expressions of affection and praise had been.

So to our "Pa and Ma and Wendy" goes this greeting from the Bankanu people, the youngest child in their large family. We were charged to send the love and esteem, in which we ourseleves share.

VIOLA L. SMITH

AN APPRECIATION

We are very happy to speak this little word on behalf of our well known teachers, Mr. and Mrs. MacDiarmid beloved by those of the A.B.F.M.S. and all other missions.

First, they are teachers who gave themselves wholly and with singleness of heart to the work of God, that they might make known the name of Jesus to people. Secondly, they were humble, loving and helpful at all times to teachers white and black, and not to these only, but to everybody. They were known and respected by Christians, and also by government officials. We are proud of the testimony of their work at the Sona Bata station, and honor and praise are their due. Their departure filled us with sadness, but if they are unable to return, we wonder if there will be other teachers like them to live and serve in our midst?

BAKUBA PIERRE
OF TONDO

A WORD ABOUT TATA AND MAMA MACDIARMID

They were people filled with a great love toward all people, black and white. That love manifested itself in helpfulness to all, thus their work had a great reputation.

Their departure brought great sorrow to white and black, women and men as was shown by the tear-filled eyes of those who went to the railroad station to bid them farewell. Their help and teachings will be cherished by us always.

TIKALA SARAH OF TONDO

TRAINING CONGO GIRLS FOR SERVICE

We have come to the close of our school year at Vanga and the boys and girls have gone to their villages for vacation. As I sit here thinking I wonder just what they have gained from this year at the mission. We have endeavored to train them to better meet life spiritually, physically and mentally, but unless we have led them out into a more abundant life in Christ I feel that it is all in vain. If we can send our girls out with a vision of service, a passion for souls and the spirit of the Master, village life will be changed. It is a great responsability to train girls to be leaders in their villages, to be the wives of pastors and teachers, who will go to far-away villages seldom visited by the missionary; there to establish a Christian home and exert an unlimited influence on village life. I believe that we are accomplishing this and it is a worthwhile task for the home is the center of family life and the mother is the center of the home.

The girls range between ages of nine and seventeen. Last year I turned away many more girls than I could accept as many could not meet the reading requirements. Many of my 94 girls were daughters of pastors and teachers, the majority of them are engaged to teachers or school boys. When the girls come to us they are given a thorough physical examination by the doctor. At the beginning of last year 98% of the girls had worms, several had weak hearts and were given lighter work. I know that they were cleaner and healthier at the close of the year. They were crowded into the one large dormitory, one girl responsible for the girls in each room.

Personally, I question the value of taking the girls on

thru second degree work. Rather than give them advanced French and arithmetic I have put more emphasis on crafts. It seems to me the pressing need is to give the girls some hand work to occupy their hands and minds in their idle moments. Girls who marry teachers and company men do not have enough garden work to keep them busy and often get into mischief because of their idleness. My girls have made cups, plates, pots and candle holders in their pottery class this year. They have each made a patch work quilt from patches sent in white cross boxes. As they are not given blankets they need these covers on cold nights. (We seldom have cold nights at Vanga.) They made their own sleeping mats and brushes to sweep their houses, little baskets for their peanuts, etc. Many of them bought carpet warp from me and crocheted and knitted sweaters and caps for baby brothers and sisters. I stamped designs on pieces of unbleached muslin and taught them to embroider and hemstitch. Beside the large plantations made during their work period, each girl was supposed to make her own little vegetadle garden. They were not very successful as the soil here is very poor.

I endeavor to fit the girls for marriage for that is the one aim of every African girl's life and all her girlhood is in preparation for that. We have been able to have some practical lessons in mothercraft. A mother who was ill at the hospital was unable to nurse her baby so the father brought her to me for a few days, and I was happy to have her for demonstration purposes. Hygiene has also been taught and by daily inspection we have been able to check on the girls' habits of cleanliness.

In our Bible classes we have followed the life of Christ lessons. Much Bible memory work has been done, a prize given to the girl who memorized the most verses during the year. In our story hour Thursday afternoons we have taken the lives of Bible women. I told the story and called on different girls to retell it grading them on their ability to retell the story. Many Sundays I have taken the girls out into the villages to conduct services. Many who were timid at first have gained confidenec to witness and lead in prayer. The girls choir has also made a contribution in our Sunday

services here at the station and in the villages. The girls love to sing and enjoy their singing classes. Most of my girls own Bibles and read them.

Christianity is changing old native customs. There is a desire on the part of the men of this region to educate their women. The Christian boys are demanding a voice in choosing their brides, and it is the Christian girls they are choosing. Those fine young couples, many of them trained in our schools, are being married by the Christian ceremony, are going out to build better homes to raise healthier children. The Christian wife walks beside her Christian husband, helping and encouraging him. The Christian husband does not look down on his wife, but has fellowship with her. Many of the homes in Congo have a family altar. It is worthwhile to teach the girls for what they teach their children will be determined by what we teach them! As has been said many times, our church will never rise to a higher level than its womanhood.

There is such a contrast between the Christian and heathen parents. Heathen mothers say their children do not need book learning, they will teach them all they need to know to make good wives. Christian parents beg me to take their daughters, to get them away from the temptations of village life and to teach them to become strong, Christian women. Lute Nzala is the daughter of one of our pastors. She is about 17 years old, a beautiful girl. Her father is not worrying about marrying his daughter off, he wants her to be ready when the right man comes along. He would not let her file her teeth as so many of the girls of her tribe do. There are no tribal markings on her body, her skin is like brown velvet and her body is graceful and lithe. Her kinky black hair is cut close to her head. Her voice is soft and musical and how she loves to sing and laugh. Sometimes the girls taunt her because she is not engaged but Lute will make some Congo boy a good wife and helper. She is cooking for me until he comes along. On the other hand, heathen relatives consider their girls as merchandise to be sold to the highest bidder. The problem of child marriage is becoming more acute. I think of the girl I saw at the hospital last week. Married at 13 and the mother of twins at 14. She had just lost of one of her babies and throwing herself on the ground she tore her hair and groveled

in the dirt wailing and shrieking. Such a contrast to Pastor Kekete's wife who also lost her baby. She was grief stricken but only those closest to her knew it.

The Sunday evening before the school children went home the boys gathered in the chapel for a candle light service while the girls had their service at the lupangu. That morning 17 of the school boys and girls had been baptized in the Kwilu River. It was a beautiful service and as I looked up at the mission standing there like a lighthouse on the hill, I thanked God for the faith of those early missionaries who brought the light of Christ to the cannibal tribes in this region and how God has blessed their work thru the years. I thanked God for the home churches which have stood behind the missionaries thru the years and I prayed that God would make me a better missionary. That evening as each girl held high her torch the light played on their fine brown faces as they sang.

"We have heard the Macedonian call today, "Send the light!"..
And a golden offering at the cross we lay, "Send the light..!
Send the light the blessed Gospel light;
Let it shine from shore to shore!"

Ruth E. Dickey

MY TESTIMONY

When a person experiences salvation he should rejoice, and in rejoicing remember also those through whom salvation came to him. We recall the experience of Jesus and the ten lepers recorded in Luke 17:11-19. Also "remember them that had the rule over you, men that spake with you the word of God: and considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith" (Hebrews 13.7) are words we should take to heart.

When I was 3 years old my grandfather died. The division of the inheritance caused much trouble between my father and his brothers. My father decided to leave home and become a soldier. My father had been at one time working with Mr. Joseph Clark in the mission at Ikoko. Hearing now that my father had gone away Mr. Clark in 1912 told Mr. Rodgers to call my mother and her children from Bolia that we may live at Ikoko. When the missionaries moved from that

site to Tondo, we moved with them.

A little later my father called us to live with him at Lokandu. After the demobilization in 1919 we all went to our old home in Bolia. It was there that I heard Mr. Clark's call in 1923, so I returned to Tondo to begin the study of God's Word. I had become an inquirer because of the teaching of my father and mother. But a white teacher said, "If children don't change their hearts, Jesus when He comes may take their believing parents away." With that thought I began earnestly to learn God's truths at the Tuesday meetings Mr. Clark held for inquirers. July 1, 1924 I was one of 124 believers who were baptized.

We rejoiced greatly in the work of Mr. Clark in our midst. Many were saved from the power of Satan. His arm helped save countless fathers and mothers from the terror of the enemies about in those days. We children continually praise God for His goodness in sending and using Mr. Clark to help us in those day. The customs and practices of our parents in those days were terrible. But God shewed us mercy.

The day came when Mr. Clark's work in our midst was finished and he wanted to go to America for the last time. He asked me to go with him as far as Matadi. We left Tondo to go first to Bolenge. And there Mr. Clark died and was buried. I then went as far as Sona Bata to help Mrs. Clark.

When Mr. Clark parted from us he said, "Undertake no other work, work even as I have for Jesus our Master, spreading abroad the Gospel News." Since that day in April 1930 till now I have persevered in that work. I rejoice that the call Mr. Clark received is our call to service also. I praise God who saves us and then chooses us to work for Him. Now we need to be as Isaiah who when God had taken him through the fire agreed to serve Him forever. We must be workmen of Jesus spreading abroad the message of salvation and power as Jesus taught in Luke 8.39 "declare how great things God hath done for thee". I thank God also that I was able to study at Kimpese. As a result of my opportunities and privileges I feel that I was truly chosen of God for His service.

If we desire to be chosen we must have courage, persitence and a willingness to do the will of our teachers and

of God. Having been chosen and saved, we must ever give thanks on behalf of those who sought our salvation from sin. Then we in turn must help others in zeal as did Paul.

PAUL BOLA ILANGA
Tondo, April 1943

TESTIMONY OF A SECOND GENERATION CHRISTIAN

My father and mother were amongst the first to accept the Word of God in our region of Songolo near Banza Manteke. They were baptized in 1898.

I was born at Luvituku July 9, 1904 being the third of seven children. Six of us are living two elder sisters, two younger sisters and a younger brother. I was given the name of Lubikulu (forgiveness) by our pastor because before my birth my parents had accepted Christ and found forgiveness in Him.

My father and mother truly believed in God. When we were growing up we saw that they had truly accepted Christ. If we disobeyed or got into mischief we were corrected and taught again and again the difference between right and wrong.

I was baptized the 23rd of June 1916 just before I became 11 years of age. I was very happy indeed. That same year our teacher-pastor finished school at Kimpese and he taught me like his own child. If he journeyed to other villages I would go with him; so he helped me very much by giving me of his wisdom and experiences.

When I became 16 years of age I was chosen to go to school at Banza Manteke so that I might become a village teacher. I left my village in October of 1920 to go to the mission station. When I arrived there Tata and Mama Geil were very happy to see me. We were six strangers who entered the class.

After having finished one year Mama Geil chose me to help her in the childrens' Boarding School. I was so surprised that I told her "But Mama I have only finished one year of school!" She answered me, "We will try you and see". The following year in August of 1922 they sent me to Kimpese where I finished one year as a single man and during vacation on August 15, 1923 I was married. When school reopened I returned with my wife and the teachers were happy to see me back with my wife.

While we were away at school my mother took very ill in October and died October 25, 1924. My wife and I went home to my village for the funeral. We all saw much sorrow to have one of our family die so suddenly, but after the funeral we returned to school.

On March 5, 1925 a tiny baby boy was born to us, but he lived to be a strong boy due to the kindness and efficient care of Dr. Mabie, who named him Lukau (gift). He has just graduated from Banza Manteke and is ready to teach.

At the end of June 1925 I finished my classes at Kimpese. Before I left Kimpese I had been chosen to go as teacher to Matadi-Mantoyo, where Tata Timotio Vingadio was previously a teacher. I was happy to accept.

When I arrived home at my village, Luvituku, I was very happy to see again my father and five brothers and sisters. In the middle of June I went to Matadi-Mantoyo together with Tata Geil and Pastor David Mbadi, in order that they might show me the church work there. The people in the village seemed very happy to have me for their teacher.

While I was back in my village getting ready to move to Matadi-Mantoyo my father took sick with a fever and cold on the lst of July 1925. On the 4th of July he gathered all of us children together and his aunt. He said to me "You my child I want to take care of your brother and sisters, and respect your aunt. I have thought of all our near relatives but I find no one else amongst them to take good care of our family". When we came to the 6th of July he slept quietly never to awaken here on earth, but if we follow his teaching we shall awaken with him on the resurrection morning.

Then all the people of the village said; "Your father was our teacher, and now he is dead we are not going to let you go far away to Matadi-Mantoyo. You are the one to take up the work your father left. I answered them; "I myself am not able to decide only the white men and the pastors can decide that at the station". So the matter was taken before the church at Banza Manteke. They were very sorry not to send me to Matadi-Mantoyo, but they also saw that the way the people of my village had chosen

was good. So they agreed that I should take up the work of my father, but they also gave me one more village; hence I took up the work of teacher in two villages, where I worked for a year and a half.

In 1927 they called me to be teacher on the mission station of Banza Manteke. The two villages that I was theaching did not want to let me go. Then Tata Engwall and Tata Leasure come to ask the churches and the medal-chief, who lived in one of these villages, to please release me.

After we arrived at Banza Manteke, our second child died a little girl of two and a half years. We were very sorrowful but we gave our troubles into the hands of God. We stayed there and worked until the 4th of September 1934 when they sent us to Leopoldville II where I am now teaching.

When we arrived here at Leopoldville we didn't have a very big work, because there were very few school children. But from the 30th of November 1935 we received fine help from Tata and Mama Hall. They started by building other schoolrooms, and increased the whole school. Then many children came wishing to enter our school. We soon saw that we were too few teachers and the schoolrooms were too few; so Tata Hall added more classrooms.

When many people started to come we, the Bakongos, feared to teach so many Bangala children and older folks too, because from long ago we were taught by our elders that the Bangalas weren't good people they had evil habits of eating people. But after we had worked a long time with them without any trouble we began to see and understand that they too are only people like ourselves and even Bangalas can learn to know and love the word of God.

Our school contined to grow and we found that children from other schools left in order to come to our school. Many of the children who were believers followed the Way of God and were baptized.

At first we had only teachers that had been trained on other stations of the A.B.F.M.S, but when our work continued to grow then we promoted teachers who were trained here in our Leopoldville school, and they are helping now in the big work that we have here.

From 1942 until now we have many many children, almost 400, and every Monday new ones come asking permission to enter our school, but there isn't room to put them, and we haven't enough teachers either. We have seven men teachers and three women teachers, and two white people, Tata and Mama Baiotti, but we need more teachers.

There are other difficulties in our work too. It is hard to get the children to study their lessons we assign to them, because the room for study is far too small. When they leave school they go to play here and there and they forget what we taught them. Then the next day we have to repeat it for the second time, the third time and even four times. But there are a few who bring happiness to us because they try to do their work.

We have one class for girls, there are only 15, but they are doing their work well like some of the boys. Some of the girls in the first class are also learning to sew and knit sweaters and other things. Mama Baiotti is teaching them knitting.

Every Monday morning between 7:30 and 8 o'clock Tata and Mama Baiotti have a devotional period with us teachers. We are very thankful for this period of quiet when we can seek guidance and help for the coming days. Every morning at 8:00 to 8:15 a chapel service is held for the whole school.

You see that we have a big work here.

JEAN LUBIKULU

Lubikulu has been an examplary Christian during the nine years that he has worked with us. He is always willing to help in any phase of the work. When the Kikongo or Lingala speaking pastors are absent he adds the work of pastor to his already full schedule as teacher. All respect him as head teacher in the school of nearly 400 student. He has five lovely children all a credit to their Christian father and mother.--Ed.

MAZZAMBA ' S TESTIMONY

"I was born in a village which was near one of our church centers but no one in my villlage had accepted Christ as Saviour. I went to the church center and also the market place, there I saw happy faces becauce they had some-

thing different. No one in our village had gone to study, or even went to the Mission.

A missionary passed through our village but we were afraid to go near him so we hid. One day I had a great desire to go to school so I asked my father's permission to go and he consented. I entered class and was very happy. I wanted to be baptized but I must first learn to read. (It is necessary to be able to read the word of God.) I saw other people being baptized and joining the church and it made me very auxious to be baptized too. Later I too accepted Christ into my heart as my Saviour and my heart was very happy because I knew that without Him I could not be happy.

A friend of mine asked me one day "Are you a Christian?" I said I was a baptized believer and very happy. Then he said, "I am seeking the way of Salvation, I have money and many other things but I am not happy". Then I saw in my own heart that those who do not receive Christ cannot be truly happy.

After my baptism I continued to help my Pastor as he visited the many villages. In 1924 I came to school at Sona Bata and after some time was chosen to help Tata MacDiarmid and to go with him on his itinerations. Later I went to teach in a village and was there until I came back to Sona Bata in 1927 to enter the hospital. I have been in Medical work ever since and entered the Medical School in 1933, graduated in 1938. I am happy in my Saviour."

MAZZAMBA PHILIPPE

Mazzamba truly is a sincere Christian and we thank God for his life and his work among the sick. He is also very active in Church and at the present time is Sunday School Superintendent. He is a very valuable man in our own medical work and in the medical School where he teaches a number of subjects. May he always remain true to Christ and to His work is our prayer.

EMILY SATTERBERG

STATION NEWS

VANGA NEWS

Our delinquency in sending news items for many months, leaves us with the events of a whole busy year to report in one short article. When the Osterholms left for furlough by means of the Clipper and Mr. Engwall was transferred to Banza Manteke, only the Robbins family remained of the former staff. Everyone at Vanga was especially sorry to bid farewell to Kathryn Jean Osterholm, for we know that she will not be returning to Congo with her parents. Those of you who have young folks continually about you, cannot realize the zest it adds to mission life to have a young person of exuberance and happy disposition, such as Kay, on the station. We wish for Kay as she pursues her education in America the best of all that life can hold for her.

If this is a late date to express our farewell wishes, it is equally late for us to express our welcome to Miss Dickey and to Dr. and Mrs. Freas who came to us almost a year ago. That year has made us say with greater enthusiasm that we are happy to have them with us.

Miss Dickey reopened the girls school, closed for a year, and received a tremendous response to her invitation to accept candidates for the school. She has classes for 95 girls, most of them boarding students. Among them were quite a number of pastors' and teachers' daughters, as well as children of village Christian parents. Our second generation is just beginning to take its place in the Vanga Church. The contrast between a pagan home with its superstitions, its filth, its disregard for morality and a true Christian family, however primitive, can only be accounted for by the power of Christ. With such girls, coming from both types of homes, Miss Dickey has done splendid work, but those of the first group have given her especial staisfaction. This dry season Miss Dickey plans to hold eight camps for

girls in as many centers out in the district. For a week a group of about forty girls will live together worshipping, playing and studying and being drawn closer to the Lord Jesus.

The boys' school of 180 students, under the direction of Mrs. Freas, had carried out a well-rounded program of activity and the year closed with a splendid spirit. Mrs. Freas had been very much gratified with the cooperation and helpfulness of the native teaching staff. On May 24th nineteen boys graduated and have gone into Christian work, three as infirmiers, one as printer and the rest into Christian teaching. Outstanding events of Commencement week-end were baptism and a Candlelight Consecration service. Another group of seventeen who have not finished the course but are well prepared for district work have already been assigned to posts in the field. What an encouragement the coming of these young lads will bring to discouraged pastors to villages who have no evangelist to teach them! Some of the lads were told they were going to some of the very hardest situations but each one of them expressed a willingness to go and a confidence that they could succeed in the Lord.

Three Gospel teams have been organized each consisting of ten students led by a teacher. Picked boys only were accepted in the groups. They will itinerate among the villages for a period of two months, the boys giving their vacation time for this work. The other students on vacation, girls as well as boys, are expected to help in the village work, as a requirement for returning to school. Some of the boys are to help organize night classes for young men who work during the day, in which they can study Bible and the three Rs.

The Kwango medical work, which is the responsibility of the Vanga doctor, has kept Dr. Freas on the "go". In addition to the ever-growing hospital work here at Vanga with its wards, dispensary, surgery, various clinics, obstetrical work and state recensement, Dr. Freas has made almost monthly trips to both Moanza and Kikongo, eleven such trips in seven months. At these two stations he has performed 338 operations in addition to the 291 here at Vanga. The obstetrical work at Moanza, which has been quite backward, has seen a tremendous increase. Nor have the usual white patients been lacking here at Vanga, and though we

have pleaded that we have no nurse to care for them a number have come for major operations.

Mr. Robbins has spent much of his time in the district where side by side there are distressing difficulties and challenging opportunities. His old truck takes an odd size tire which is now sought in vain even with a permit, and each trip has meant much patching both on the road and at the journey's end. From one outpost he sent in for four old tires, hoping form the four to get one tire with sufficient patches to start him on his way back. Now at last the old truck is laid aside for the time being, for patches will no longer hold. We say temporarily for a truck is a tool in the Lord's work and without His work is definitely limited. For that reason we are trusting that before long one of our many efforts will be rewarded with at least second hand tires that will fit.

This dry season Mr. Robbins with the help of the station teachers, expect to hold four large Institutes which will include the teachers in every part of our field.

The first Vanga Women's Conference will be held July 28-30. We are asking each of our fifteen church centers to send in three delegates, the pastor's wife, a teacher's wife and a village Christian woman. At the last pastors' conference problems in Christian family life were brought up which they requested that this Women's. Conference should consider.

This past week we have examined the upper classes of our regional schools. They were here altogether and for several days underwent their written and oral exams. Having them all here together inspired competition and proud was the group that carried off the banner showing that their school was the out-standing one for the year. Seven of the eleven subjects in which they were examined are either Bible subjects, or they are based on Biblical material. Fifty-nine of these boys have been accepted for the Central School. Twenty-two of the larger ones, but still just lads, have already been given their assignments for district teaching. When they were lined up almost ready to go, they asked if they could not buy Bibles, for surely a Christian worker needs a Bible. We had to tell them, as we have told to many in these past months, that we have not been able to procure either

Bible or New Testaments for some months. We put into their hands what we could, a Gospel of Luke in one language, and a booklet called "The Way of Salvation in another language. These two with a Guide for teaching reading, constitute the material for their work. Some of them are going far from their villages and going to work among other tribes, because of urgent needs. We took their picture before they went and told them that we hoped and would pray that in five years we could look at the picture and say that they were all still in Christian work, that not one had fallen by the way. The look in their eyes as they responded touched our hearts. They went full of confidence, but there are so many pitfalls for them in heathen villages. Pray for them!

The "younger set" of our missinary staff, Priscilla Robbins and ten-year old Lily Temmerman, the attactive little mulatto girl who is the daughter of an army officer but who is now living with Dr. and Mrs. Freas, are kept busy with their school and the activities a Mission Station offers.

HELEN ROBBINS

THY BOOK

Great God, with wonder and with praise,
On all Thy works I look;
But still Thy wisdom, power and grace,
Shine brightest in Thy Book.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

ISAAC WATTS 1674-1748

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

Listed in order of arrival on field or at station — present term.

BANZA MANTEKE

Miss Lena Youngsman
Rev. M.S. Engwall
Miss Grace Cooper
Rev. and Mrs. R. Metzger
Miss Mary Bonar

MOANZA

Rev. and Mrs. L.A. Brown
Miss Alice Jorgenson

TONDO

Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown
Dr. and Mrs. A.J.B. Russell (B.M.S.)
Miss M.K.M. Chaplin (B.M.S.)
Miss Marguerite Eldredge

LEOPOLDVILLE

Rev. and Mrs. S. Baiotti (U.T.M.)
Mr. and Mrs. H.J. Watkins

KIKONGO

Rev. and Mrs. C.E. Smith
Miss Agnes Anderson
Rev. and Mrs. B.W. Armstrong

VANGA

Rev. and Mrs. W.F. Robbins
Miss Ruth Dickey
Dr. and Mrs. H.M. Freas

KIMPESE

SONA BATA

Dr. and Mrs. G.W. Tuttle
Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson

ON FURLOUGH OR EN ROUTE

Rev. and Mrs. E.G. Hall
Dr. Dorothea Witt
Mrs. M.S. Engwall
Rev. and Mrs. E. Atkins
Miss Eva Shepard
Rev. and Mrs. J.E. Geil
Dr. C.L. Mabie
Miss Esther Ehnbom
Rev. and Mrs. G.W. Carpenter
Miss Mildred Tice
Rev. and Mrs. U.A. Lanoue
Dr. and Mrs. A.C. Osterholm
Rev. and Mrs. P.A. MacDiarmid
Rev. and Mrs. H. Erickson